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### Mount Vernon Democratic Banner June 15, 1858

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# Mount Vernon Democratic Banner.

VOLUME 22.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO: TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1858.

NUMBER 9.

The Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner,  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,  
BY L. HARPER.

Office in Woodward's Block, Third Story.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2.50 within six months; \$3.00 after the expiration of the year. Clubs of twenty, \$15.00 each.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:									
	1 week.	2 weeks.	3 weeks.	4 weeks.	5 weeks.	6 weeks.	7 weeks.	8 weeks.	9 weeks.
1 square, -	\$ 0.50	\$ 1.00	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 2.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 4.50
2 squares, -	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00
3 squares, -	1.50	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50
4 squares, -	2.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00
5 squares, -	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50
6 squares, -	3.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	27.00
7 squares, -	3.50	7.00	10.50	14.00	17.50	21.00	24.50	28.00	31.50
8 squares, -	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	28.00	32.00	36.00
9 squares, -	4.50	9.00	13.50	18.00	22.50	27.00	31.50	36.00	40.50
10 squares, -	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00
11 squares, -	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00	27.50	33.00	38.50	44.00	49.50
12 squares, -	6.00	12.00	18.00	24.00	30.00	36.00	42.00	48.00	54.00
13 squares, -	6.50	13.00	19.50	26.00	32.50	39.00	45.50	52.00	58.50
14 squares, -	7.00	14.00	21.00	28.00	35.00	42.00	49.00	56.00	63.00
15 squares, -	7.50	15.00	22.50	30.00	37.50	45.00	52.50	60.00	67.50
16 squares, -	8.00	16.00	24.00	32.00	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00	72.00
17 squares, -	8.50	17.00	25.50	34.00	42.50	51.00	59.50	68.00	76.50
18 squares, -	9.00	18.00	27.00	36.00	45.00	54.00	63.00	72.00	81.00
19 squares, -	9.50	19.00	28.50	38.00	47.50	57.00	66.50	76.00	85.50
20 squares, -	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00

Special notices of advertisements, or calling attention to any enterprise, intended to benefit individuals or corporations, will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

Special notices, before marriages, or taking precedence of regular advertisements, double usual rates.

Notices for meetings, charitable societies, fire companies, &c., half-price.

Marriage notices inserted for 50 cents; Deaths 25 cents, unless accompanied by obituaries, which will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

Advertisements displayed in large type to be charged one-half more than regular rates.

All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

## Choice Poetry.

PEAN TO THE DAWN.

BY HARVEY TAYLOR.

The dusky sky fades into blue,  
And blue suggests kindred;  
The stars are glimmering faint and few  
The night is left behind us;  
Turn not where darkness the sun dark  
Before the sign of morning;  
But crowd the canvas on our barque,  
And sail to meet the morning.  
Rejoice, rejoice, the hues that fill  
The orient, first and lightest;  
And over the blue, Ionian bill—  
The dawn begins to brighten!

We leave the Night, that weighed so long,  
Upon the soul's endeavor;  
For morning, on these hills of song,  
Has made her home forever.  
Hark to the sound of trumpet and lyre,  
In the olive grove before us,  
And the rhythmic beat, the pulse of fire,  
Throb in the full voiced chorus:  
More than Memnonian grandeur speaks,  
In triumph to the pean,  
And all the glory of the Greeks  
Breathes of the old Aegean.

Here shall the ancient dawn return,  
That lit the earliest poet;  
Whose very ashes, in his urn,  
Would radiate glory through it.  
The dawn of life, when life was song,  
And song the life of Nature,  
And the spheres stood moving the through—  
A god in every feature!  
When love was free, and free as air,  
The utterance of passion;  
And the heart in every lay, lay,  
Nor shaped its true expression.

The perfect limb and perfect face  
Surpassed the dawn of dawn;  
Unconscious Nature's law was grace—  
The beautiful was real.  
For men acknowledged true desires,  
And light as golden was their love;  
They were begot by vigorous sires,  
And noble mothers bore them.  
Oh! when the shapes of Art they planned  
Were living forms of passion,  
Impulse and deed went hand in hand,  
And life was more than fashion.

The seeds of song they scattered first,  
Flower in all later ages;  
Their forms have woke the artist's thirst,  
Through the succeeding ages;  
But I will ever feel their dawn,  
Whence flowed their inspiration,  
And lead the unshackled life they led,  
According with Creation.  
The world's false life, that follows still,  
Has ceased its chain to tighten,  
And over the blue, Ionian bill,  
I see the sunrise brighten.

## Terrible Cornado.

A VILLAGE DESTROYED.

From the Chicago Press we get particulars relative to the destruction by a tornado of the village of Ellison in Illinois. This village lying five miles south of the Chicago and Burlington Railroad, is in Warren county, and about fifteen miles from the Mississippi.

Fourteen persons were killed almost instantly, one less than was stated by telegraph, and ten more it was supposed were mortally wounded.—Of these latter, two died next day, three on Monday evening, making nineteen in all.

Among the dead are a Mr. John Hand, his son, about ten years of age, and a babe, the latter of whom is supposed to have been drowned. The whole family appear to have been whirled with the fragments of their dwelling quite up into the air and deposited a considerable distance from where the house stood near a plough. Mr. Hand was carried about fifteen rods, and in his terrible flight received a frightful wound in his side from a timber. He survived till the next morning. Mrs. Hand had her infant in her arms when she struck the ground, but the concussion compelled her to let go her hold upon it, and it was tossed some distance into the slough, where she heard its cry, but owing to her severe injuries, was unable to attempt its rescue. There she remained all night, her person partly in the water, and in the course of its dreary watches the dead body of her infant was drifted to the shore, and she had it in her arms when discovered in the morning.

Another family named McWilliams suffered terribly. Miss Mary Ann McWilliams, about twenty-two; her sister Harriet, aged about sixteen, and her brother Thomas, about fourteen, are among the dead, and the poor old mother, eighty years of age—the only remaining member of the family, except some older children who were living at a distance—was very badly injured. The boy Thomas was not at first conscious of having received any hurt, and rescued the body of his older sister from the ruins soon

after the catastrophe, but he was so badly injured internally that he died the next morning. W. E. Thompson his wife and child, Mrs. Brazleton and her two children, a son and daughter, Martin Wentworth, Levina Lacey, Hiram Johnson and child, and two other persons whose names were unknown to the informant, made up the list of the fourteen instantly killed, comprised in a special dispatch to us from Monmouth last evening. These embrace all the names of the dead which we have been able to obtain.

As near as can be ascertained in the confusion which prevailed, about fifty persons were very seriously and many more slightly injured. Among the injured was Mr. Samuel Johnson, who has one leg and three ribs broken.

Mrs. Ormand, both arms broken, Mrs. Sherwood cut and bruised badly, a splinter driven through her thigh. Miss Finlay, Mrs. Thompson, and Patrick Shaw, a stranger, who was picked up in the road after the storm was over, were all badly injured.

The only physicians of the place were Drs. Hawley and Yoko. The former was, with his wife, among the more seriously injured, and the latter, Dr. Y., was badly hurt. Both were thus incapacitated from rendering any assistance to their unfortunate fellow citizens, and, as the nearest point available, medical aid was only procured from Monmouth after the delays noted elsewhere.

As soon as the first shock of the calamity had passed, and its extent began to be realized, a special messenger—Mr. McWilliams, a brother of the young lady and the boy who were killed—was dispatched to Monmouth for assistance, where he arrived about 4 o'clock on Monday morning. The news spread rapidly, and the whole town was soon astir. Drs. Hamilton, Overstreet, McDill and Young, at once volunteered their services, and by six o'clock they, accompanied by six teams and about fifty men on horseback, preceded to the scene of disaster, which they reached about ten A.M. The wounded, meantime, had been conveyed to the neighboring farm-houses, by the uninjured, and there the physicians hastened to minister to their relief.

The village was a farming community, and one of the older settlements of that section.—The larger share of the structures, some sixty or seventy in number, that constituted the village were ranged on a single straight street, running in a direction almost east and west, being the main county road running to the Mississippi and Burlington. Between the village and the stream was a belt of timber of oak and walnut, consisting of large trees. This timber occupied the intermediate space of half a mile between the village and the stream, extending close to the vicinity of the village. The surface is level prairie thence extending to Monmouth, twelve miles, a dead level, and in a clear day the Ellison timber can be seen skirting the horizon from Monmouth. In this belt of timber the first traces of the desolating tornado appeared. Sunday was showery throughout the day. As the afternoon waned the sky to the south-west had a more threatening appearance. A heavy bank of clouds of ink blackness seemed to rest upon the very surface of the prairie; they seemed to sweep the very prairie. Mr. McWilliams noted the approach of the storm from his farm house, about a mile north of the street.

He saw two threatening black clouds meet apparently about a mile west of the village, with the wildest commotion, and move on towards the village. The utmost alarm filled the minds of his own family, and of those in adjacent farm houses.

The tornado struck the village about half-past five o'clock and during its continuance to rain fell. The houses were frame structures.—There was a large tavern stand and three stores those of Samuel Johnson, Joseph Knowles and another. The appearance of the dwellings and structures after the passage of the whirlwind is described by one eye-witness "as if one should tear to pieces and scatter a lumber yard." Of roofs and walls, and the various structures there was in many instances scarcely a trace, as if a giant's hand had reduced and torn them to shreds and splinters. They lay scattered over the fields. Here a piece of broken furniture and there a shattered door, and beyond an undistinguishable mass of timbers and boards, floor beams, ceiling and rafters. Even the bodies of some of the sufferers were torn to pieces. As an evidence of the fearful force of the tornado, it is mentioned in the telegraph from our special reporter last evening that of the victims fragments of the bodies were scattered in all directions. An iron safe weighing nine hundred pounds was taken up from Johnson's store and carried thirty feet. Horses, cattle, and hogs were taken up by the wind, carried in the air and dashed to the earth, killed by the fall. One cow was taken up, carried several rods, and killed by the fall. Her body lay at a distance from anything that could have inflicted wound or injury upon her. A heavy cut stone doorpost, the dimensions of which are given to us as being some seven feet long by three in width and several inches in thickness, was torn from its site, and carried more than its length, or about twelve feet.

The first trace of this violence is noticeable in the Ellison timber. The trees do not seem to have been prostrated. They were pulled up by the roots, twisted, turned about, simply, and in places noticed by our informant, it seemed as if they had been torn up groups, as a child would wantonly twist the top of adjacent weeds and tear them from the ground. Trees a foot in diameter were thus made the sport of the tornado, and were dashed, crushed and broken to the ground.

The track of the whirlwind seems not to have been very wide, nor was its course a long one. Scattered farm houses about the village in various directions still stand, and though the wind was high; were uninjured, but of the village proper only three small cabins or shanties which were to the southward of the line of desolating destruction, were spared, and they alone remain of the ill-fated village of Ellison.

Knowing that the people of Ellison had lost everything that they possessed, even to their wearing apparel except what they had on, the citizens of Monmouth, with praiseworthy benevolence, on Tuesday morning started several teams laden with provisions, bedding, clothing and other necessities, to their relief.

## Things in General.

A Self-Tormentor—Aaron Burr the Destroyer of his own Daughter.

We published, not long since, the reputed confession of one of the crew of mutineers who murdered Mrs. Theodosia Burr Alston, the only daughter of Aaron Burr, on her voyage from Charleston to New York, about forty years since. The following statement from the Carolina Spartan wraps the fate of this lady in still deeper gloom, and true or untrue, is an impressive lesson to those who would forsake the paths of rectitude.

But there is another story, on which Parton's Life of Burr throws no light. We had it from an old and distinguished citizen of Charleston, now no more. Burr, in his many intrigues, compassed the ruin of the wife of the Captain of a coaster between New York and Charleston. To remove the Captain, Burr corrupted his sailors to mutiny and destroyed him. On the outward voyage no opportunity offered, and the execution of the plan was deferred till the return trip.—Unfortunately on this very vessel Mrs. Alston took passage. Her fate was an awful retribution upon her abandoned father. He never looked up after, and doubtless from the conviction that the sins of the father were visited upon the child. Our informant went to New York to look up the wife of this Captain. Hearing that Burr knew her, he sought an interview. The mention of the name was the signal for silence; nor would Burr keep a further appointment or impart any information on the topic. The mystery is clearing up.

Tragedy in Texas—Seven Persons Murdered.

BELTON, BELL CO., TEXAS, May 18, '58.—I have to record an awful tragedy that occurred in Brown county, in this State, last week. Two entire families, consisting of ten persons, were all murdered in cold blood, for money, with the exception of three children, the oldest a little girl eight years of age, and one infant, who was found sucking its mother's breast, 24 hours after she had been murdered. They were murdered by four men from Lampasas county, who professed to be out on a surveying expedition. They knew that those families had money, and they went disguised as Indians, thinking that by murdering the whole families, none but Indians would be suspected. The little girl, however, recognised one of them, who had frequently been at her father's house. She made her escape into the field where her father was ploughing, where she found him murdered. She then went nobly to work with her little hands, and completely covered him up with dirt, to keep the buzzards off until she made her way to the nearest settlement, and gave the alarm. The neighbors all then collected, and went in pursuit, and finally traced them to their homes in Lampasas county, where they arrested them after a desperate resistance by themselves and friends. The party were all men of property, and respectfully connected.—The party having them in charge passed through Coyell county last Wednesday, on their way with them to the place where the murders were committed, where I have no doubt they will Lynch them. They were severely bound, and guarded by about forty men.—Cor. Richmond Despatch.

Secret of Taming Horses.

A correspondent of the New York Express submits the following method of horse taming. For the oil of Cummin the horse has an instinctive passion, and when the horse scents the odor he is instinctively drawn towards it. The oil of Rhodium possesses peculiar properties.—All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

To tame horses procure some horse castor and grate it fine; also get some oil of Rhodium, and oil of Cummin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles. Rub a little oil of Cummin, on your hands and approach the horse in the field, on the inward side, so that he can smell the Cummin. The horse will let you come up to him without any trouble. Immediately rub your hands gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can then lead him any where. Give him a little castor on a piece of loaf sugar or apple. Put eight drops of oil of Rhodium into a lady's silver thimble; take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with your fore finger stopping the mouth of the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out while you are opening the horse's mouth. As soon as you have opened it tip the thimble on his tongue, and he is your servant.—He will follow you like a pet dog. He is now your servant and friend. You can teach him anything, if you are gentle and kind to him.

Deputy Husband.

In Utah, they have a way of appointing deputy husbands to look after matters and things when the genuine article has gone from home. We find the following notice of this singular practice in one of our exchanges: "When a married man is called by conference to a foreign mission, he has the privilege, as they call it, before leaving home, of choosing some one to take the oversight of cattle, goods and whatever he may possess, to provide for and overlook the family, and become the temporary husband of the wife. The ostensible reason for the arrangement, is to prevent the husband from suffering and loss during his absence on missionary labors, since the greatness of his future kingdom depends upon the number of his children he has here. Carrying out the idea, the wife is handed over to a deputy husband, who maintains his position in the family till the husband returns."

Literary Men Honored Politically. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser thus exposes an error of the New York Tribune, that literature men had never been honored, politically, in the country. It says:

In our country literary men have been highly honored, politically. Take a few instances that occur to our memory. Robert Walsh was made Consul at Paris; Cooper at Lyons; Irving, Minister to Spain; Paulding, Secretary of the Navy; Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, and Minister to England; Everett, member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, Secretary of State, and United States Senator; A. H. Everett, Minister to China; J. L. O'Sullivan, Minister to Portugal; J. P. Kennedy, member of Congress and Secretary of the Navy; Hawthorne, Consul at Liverpool, besides a host of others who were indebted to their literary reputation for the high political positions they attained. In no country of the world has literature been more honored by recognitions like these than in our own.

Perpetual Motion.

The editor of the London Builder thinks the following instances come as near perpetual motion as any one can desire. In the rotunda at Woolwich Barracks there is, he says, a clock moved by machinery, which has been going for more than forty years. He further states that he knows a gentleman who had a watch in his possession for more than thirty years, hermetically sealed, which tells the day of the week, the hours, minutes, seconds, months, and he believes years, and how far you walk in a day. It cost £500, and was made by a Frenchman in Paris. It was left with Mr. Odham, of the Bank of Ireland, for six weeks, and locked up in his strong box, when the gentleman went into the country about 25 years ago, and the watch goes well, he believes, to this moment.

## Ladies' Department.

The Value of a Good Wife.

In the true wife the husband finds not affection only, but companionship—a companionship with which no other can compare. The family relation gives retirement without solitude; and society without the rough intrusion of the world. It plants in the husband's dwelling a friend who can bear his silence without weariness—who can appreciate his repetition of events only important as they are embalm in heart. Common friends are linked to us by a slender thread. We must retain them by ministering, in some way, to the interest of their enjoyment. What a luxury it is for a man to feel, that in his own home, there is a true and affectionate being, in whose presence he may throw off restraint, without danger to his dignity, he may confide without the fear of treachery, and he sick or unfortunate without being abandoned. If in the outward world, he grows weary of human selfishness, his heart can safely trust in one whose soul yearns for his happiness, and whose indulgence overlooks his defects.—Presbyterian.

Preserving Flowers.

Our fair readers, all of whom we know love flowers—the season of which is now at hand—will be interested in the following manner of preserving them from wilting, which a contemporary assures us is highly successful. The plan is this: Procure a flat porcelain dish, into which pour rain water; place a vase of flowers upon the plate, and over the vase a bell-glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, is constantly moist with water, that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell glass into the dish; and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell glass, so as to prevent its evaporating into the sitting room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated as the "Hesperian Apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rose-bud in a saucers of water.

The I. E. Mania.

"We really cannot comprehend," says an exchange: "why that respectable English letter Y should be discarded from the termination of Christian names and the two letters I and E substituted. It does not save time, and it is positive, as an ending is not a bit more refined or elegant looking, than a noble y, with its tail waving off into a graceful flourish." We have before us a catalogue of the young ladies of a "female college," located less than a thousand miles distant, and find the good old y quite knocked out of sight. At present, it is Bettie and Pollie, and Sallie and Mollie, Fannie and Mattie, and Peggie, and Pattie, Marie and Kittie, and Addie and Mittie, Jennie and Nettie, Josie and Mattie, and many other too numerous to mention. But the grand finale of this I. E. versus Y mania, is that the other sex are adopting it, substantial Billy Moody having recently effeminized himself into Billie Moody, Esq.

Origin of Crinoline.

Crinoline was originally not the name of a person, but of a texture. It originally consisted of hair cloth, very flexible, and derived its name from two French words compounded thus: crin, hair, and line, cloth. The material itself has long been known, but it took the genius of a French modiste to use it as a part of female habiliments. Modest as great people truly are, she concealed her own patronymic, and assumed, first in London, and then in Paris, the nom de guerre of Madame Crinoline.

Marriage.

Even in the happiest choice, where fair 'ring Heaven Has equal love and easy fortune given— Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done; The prize of happiness must still be won: And, oh, the careless and ill to their cost, The lover in the husband may be lost. The Graces might, alone, his heart allure; They and the Virtues, meeting, must secure. (Lord Lyttelton.)

## Salamagundi.

BURLESQUE—A GOOD ONE.—All remember the indignant sarcasm with which Haynes Bailey responded to numerous parodies upon his charming little song of "I'd be a Butterfly." He distanced competition, by himself writing "I'd be a parody writ by a mimic."

Here is a capital burlesque notwithstanding, and deserves a place among our "facts and fancies":

Eagle ye First.—BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Riv'd with the azure world he stands;  
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Eagle ye Second.—BY G. WILLIAMS.

With hooked claws he clasps ye fence,  
Close by ye hen roost; gazing thence  
He spies a mouse 'what's not so sense.  
Ye mice beneath can't see him,  
He watcheth from his lofty limb,  
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.

r. s.—The difference, though only faint,  
Twix that and this I now will paint:  
His eagle's wild, my eagle ain't.

ECHO ANSWERING QUESTIONS.—Mr. Snooks, what do you think of the Know Nothing Order?

"Oh, I don't know; I'll let the people discuss it."—"cuss it!"

"What cry is the greatest terror?—'fire!'"

"What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—'write!'"

"Speaking of the eastern war, one asked, will be the expense?—'pence!'"

"What's the best course to steer for a magistrate?—'straight!'"

"What's necessary for a farmer to assist him?—'system!'"

"What's the poorest thing to settle the slave's confusion?—'fusion!'"

"What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—'light!'"

"What's the best counsel given by a justice of the Peace?—'Peace!'"

"Who commits the greatest abominations?—'nations!'"

"What are some women's chief exercises?—'sighs!'"

A little dog had followed his mistress to Church, and wandering about the house, had become excited by the tones of the preacher, and commenced barking in response. The preacher took no notice of him, but raised his voice still higher, and delivered himself with greater energy. One of the brethren tried to put the dog out, but the dog wouldn't go; the more they chased him the more he barked; and when the confusion was at its height the minister cried out,

"Never mind, never mind, brother; I can out preach a dog!"

And so he did. The dog soon got tired of the strife, and gave in to the pulpit.

A Western correspondent writes: "We have no railroad running into our village, but our people were last year moving in the matter. As our town is not yet two years old, we have no gray yard yet laid out. A project for a branch road having been started, a public meeting of citizens was called to promote the object. It was thought it would save time to have the other matter attended to at the same time; and the notice was posted calling the citizens together to secure a branch railroad to the village, and also to take measures to promote the decent burial of the dead! Some of our folks thought the latter to be a very natural result of the former, and both projects are now pressed with zeal."

A gentleman was sent a bottle of delicious cider, with the following lines:

Old friend, accept this bottle,  
Your mouth then open wider,  
First to imbibe, then to exclaim,  
By George what glorious cider.

Perhaps some fair young damsel,  
Whose looks have as yet belied her,  
Will not object to take a swig,  
When you are down be—cider.

And if she thus indulges,  
Yourself may have to guide her,  
But she will say it's owing to  
The stuff which is in—cider

## Pleasing Variety.

Silent Influence.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night, by the farm house, that is useful rather than the swollen flood or warning cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that it is to be done.

Thought.

Thought—Fancy—Imagination—are fields of toil for those whom fate forbids more real and profitable ones. Such, from their quiet and humble homes, may send forth thoughts to the world, to purify and ennoble it we trust, for one had better be powerless than exert an evil influence—better live and die unknown and unheeded, than lead men astray from truth. The highest aim, the highest happiness, is to be a Worker, as far as in one lies, both physically and mentally, a Worker in deed, in word, and in thought, for the progress of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

What is Poetry?

A smile, a tear, a longing after the things of eternity. It lives in all created existence, in man and all the objects that surround him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affection; in the quietest broodings of the soul over the memories of early years; and in the thoughts of that glory which chains your spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and the star. Its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract. Its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand voiced harps of the wind and frost, and the cloud and sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies. There is not a moonlight ray that comes down on the stream and hill, calling from its blue air-throne to the birds of the unwarmed valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of Spring; not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision in the rosy blushes of autumn twilight, nor a rock glowing in the yellow starlight as if dreaming of the Eden land, but is full of the beautiful radiance of poetry. The Earth and Heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the heavings of the great deep in tempest and in calm are but its accents and mysterious workings.—G. D. Prentice.

The Great Object of Education.

Self-instruction is the one great object of rational education. In mind as well as body we are children at first, only that we may afterwards become men; dependent upon others, in order that we may learn from them such lessons as may tend eventually to our edification on an independent basis of our own. The knowledge of facts, or what is generally called learning, however much we may possess of it, is useful so far only as we erect its materials into a mental framework; but useless so long as we suffer it to lie in a heap, inert and without form. The instruction of others, compared with self-instruction, is like the law compared with faith; a discipline of preparation, beggarly elements, a schoolmaster to lead us on to a state of greater worthiness, and there give up the charge of us.—Dulmer.

Gifts.

There is, after all, something in the fate of those trifles that friends bestow upon each other, which is an unending indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in the sincerity of one who set no value on such little things. Trifles they may be, but it is in such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed.

Benefits Judged by the Intention.

There needs no greater subtlety to prove that both benefits and injuries receive their value from the intention, when even brutes themselves are able to decide this question. Tread upon a dog by chance, or put him to pain in the dressing of a wound; the one he passes by as an accident; and the other, in his fashions, he acknowledges as a kindness; but offer to strike at him, and though you do him no hurt at all, he flies yet in the face of you, even for the mischief that you barely meant him.—Seneca.

## Knox County Farmer.

Technical Terms.

CARBONATE OF LIME.

A compound of carbonic acid and lime. It is composed of twenty-two parts of acid to twenty-eight parts of lime. Marble and common limestone are carbonate of lime.

CARBONATE OF AMMONIA.

A compound of carbonic acid and ammonia. Ammonia is composed







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